And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true ---
Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to make vp my will,
A double knauery --- how, how, --- let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore a free and open nature too,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bi'th nose --- as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

Actus 2.

Scœna 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cypres, *with two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the hauen and the mayne
Descry a saile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does speake aloud at land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it ha ruffian so vpon the sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine melt,

Can

Can hold the morties, --- What sha

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *T*
For doe but stand vpon the banning
The chiding billow seemes to pelt th
The winde shak'd surge, with high
Seemes to cast water, on the burnin
And quench the guards of th'euer
I neuer did, like molestation view,
On the inchafed flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleete
Be not inshelter'd, and embayed, the
It is impossible they beare it out.

Enter a third Gen

3 *Gent.* Newes Lords, your wa
The desperate Tempest hath so ban
That their designement halts: Anot
A greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of the Fleete.

Mon. How, is this true?

3 *Gent.* The shippe is heere put
A Veronessa, *Michael Cassio*,
Leiutenant to the warlike Moore
Is come ashore: the Moore himself
And is in full Commission here for

Mon. I am glad on't, tis a worth

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, th
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he l
And prayes the Moore be safe, for t
With foule and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauen he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man
Like a full Souldier:
Lets to the sea side, ho,
As well to see the vessell that's com

D 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)